

C A M I L L A.

Regina de' Volsci
A. N.

5

O P E R A.

As it is Performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

L I N C O L N S - I N N - F I E L D S.

*First came out at Drury Lane March 30th 1706.
The Original edition was half Italian, half
English.*



Music of Bononcini in 1697.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand. 1726.
In November

The Opera of Camilla (in English)
was first produced ^{at Drury Lane} March 30, 1706,
with a Prologue written by Mr Mainwaring.
It was a translation from an Italian
Opera of the same name written by
Silvio Stampiglia. (translated by Owen
MacSwiney)
The same English Singers as in absence of Jan 16-1705

On the 6 Decr. 1707 - it was reproduced
with 3 Italian Singers, Valentini Urban,
(a male Soprano) The Baroness, and Margarita
de la Epine, who performed their parts in
Italian, while Mr. Tofts, Mr. Lindsey,
Mr. Turner, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Leveridge,
performed theirs in English.
Valentini played the part of Turnus.

There is an Edition  half Italian,
half English.

In Feb 1708, another Italian Singer, Sig. Cassini,
arrived and played the part of Metastasio
with new songs. And in 1709 the famous Gio: Maria
played the part of Prentis to whom the entire music



P R E F A C E.

SINCE Italian Opera's are so much Esteem'd by the Nobility and Gentry of this Kingdom, that even the carrying them on is attended with an Immense Expence, tho' in a Language chiefly unknown to us; and hearing that it wou'd be very late in the Season before there cou'd be any Performances of that kind; That first induc'd us to think of Entertaining the Town with Camilla, an Opera that heretofore met with a most kind Reception, and was held a Darling; so that we may hope Camilla's Fate will not be worse than usual, since She visits you at a time when you are neglected by her Rivals.

*was sung & composed by Makantonio Bononcini
in 1697 for Vienna. A 2*

P R E F A C E.

It may be observed, if we have the Misfortune to lose the best of the Italian Performers, either thro' Want of Health, or their Customary Inclination of returning to their Native Country, Opera's must necessarily fall. Yet upon Encouragement, young Persons might be train'd up and instructed to sing after the Italian Manner, and in Time establish English Opera's to that degree that We may be able to vye with the Italians, if not exceed them.

To such who may think it a Difficulty to find English Voices, We beg leave to observe, that already we have Voices (not yet instructed) that can stand in Competition with the most eminent among the Italians; so that if the Town will so far favour us, as to give a Sanction to so innocent a Diversion, it will not only be a Means to grow with such a Nursery, but perpetuate these Entertainments amongst us.

As the moderate Price demanded will help to convince the Town that the Principal Aim is to divert the Publick upon the most easy Terms, the nature of the Affair will admit. So we hope if in the Prosecution

P R E F A C E

secution of this Design, we should hereafter have Occasion to make Application to the Publick for some additional Encouragement, we promise that it shall be in such moderate Terms as every Person may approve of.

The original Singers in 1706 were
Messrs Hughes, Leveridge, Cooke, Hammond,
Mrs Tofts, Mrs Cross, and Mr
Mr Turner Lyndsey.



Burney informs us that on this
occasion a Prologue (in verse) was spoken
by Mr. Younger.

(See London Journal No 382 for
November 26th 1726.)

Burney never saw the Libretto. The

The Persons Represented.

M E N.

Latinus,

Premsto,

Turnus,

Metius,

Linco,

Mr. Pearson.

Sig^r. Rochetti.

Mrs. Barbier.

Mr. Legar.

Mr. Leveridge.

(born 1670.)
died 1758, aged
88.

W O M E N.

Camilla,

Lavinia,

Tallia,

Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. Chambers.

Mr. Salway.

Guards and Huntsmen.

CAMILLA.

The



CAMILLA

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Champian Country with Plains and easie Hills, the End of a Wood on one Side, and Prospect of a City at Distance.*

Enter Camilla and Linco.

CAMILLA.

THESE fertile Fields, and flowry Meads
I greet,
These Walls are the fair *Volscian* Seat.
Ah! this killing Sight fresh Grief supplies,
And melts my streaming Eyes.

Lin. *Metabus*, your Royal Father, now at Rest,
Flew from *Latinus*' Arms, by Fate oppress'd:
The dear Companion of his Flight was you,
The Wrongs you suffer'd much too young to know.

Cam. And my poor Mother!

Linc. Nature's Boast and Pride;
The Hour she gave you to the World she dy'd.

Cam. Forlorn *Camilla*! Fate has done its worst.

*I was born of Royal Race,
But yet must wander in Disgrace;
All the Pomp my Fortune yields,
Are humble Vallies, Flocks and Fields.*

SCENE II. *A Company of Huntsmen, Pre-
nesto and Metius behind the Scenes.*

Cam. Hark! *Linco!* a Voice.

Linc. They're Huntsmen at the Chace.

Cam. Oh remember! *Linco*, pray!

So may the Gods still prosper thee,
Discover not thy self, nor me.

Linc. Yes, I remember,
I'll ne'er the Secret betray.

I've got my Part

Already by heart;

And know what to reply;

You are my Neice, your Uncle I.

Cam. That *Dorinda's* my Name.

Linc. I shall not forget.

Cam. And my Life scarce of late——

Linc. You need not repeat.

Pren. Help me! oh help me! [*A wild Boar struck*

Hunts. Let's try to assist him. *by Prenesto.*

Linc. Ye Gods, what Alarm!

Hunts. Quick run to his Aid.

Enter Prenesto. The Boar pursuing him.

Pren. O Heav'ns! who defends me!

Cam. My Arm. [*She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.*

Linc. *Dorinda*, of nothing afraid,

She's sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid,

And as bright as the Day.

Cam. Take Courage, Hunter, the fell Boar is dead.

Pren. O Nymph of Race Divine!

That do'st all Nymphs outshine;

Such Glories fill thy Eyes;

My raviſh'd Soul surprizing;

That Phœbus at his rising

Leſs charming paints the Skies.

Cam. Ha! no, I'm Fortune's Scorn,

A Slave to rude Distress,

Tho'

CAMILLA.

Tho' now, by chance, I've born
The Praise of this Success.

Linc. And know she's *Linco's* Neice.

SCENE III.

Enter Metius.

Met. My Lord, to your Relief
Metius ran swiftly thro' the Field,
But came too late to give you Aid;
So distant was I when I saw your Danger;

Pren. See here my broken Spear,
I struck the Beast; its Point remains
Fix'd in his Side:
Enrag'd, on me he flew; while I for Succour cry'd,
This Goddess of the Plains
A lucky Jav'lin threw;
She pierc'd the Monster with her Dart,
Thus sav'd by her, by her I die.

Met. I with Joy your Safety see.
Bright Goddess, on thee
Heav'n this Fame bestows,
To thee his Life *Preneſta* owes,
The Great *Latinus'* Son!

Cam. *Latinus'* Son!

Met. 'Tis he.

Cam. What have I done!

See, *Linco*, see!

While I entreat the Skies
T'avenge my Wrongs, I'm doom'd to save my Poes.

Pren. What says the lovely Charmer!

Cam. I said that the propitious Skies
Smile on this happy Hour;
For from *Latinus'* Grace and Power

Justice I would implore.

Let me at his Feet make known,
The weight of Woe that sinks me down.

CAMILLA.

Linc. O dear, dissembling Woman!

Pren. Come to the Court, your Wish obtain;

Since you from Death have sav'd me,

I'll live for you alone;

The Life you freely gave me,

No longer is my own.

[Exit.

Met. Henceforth, bright Goddess of the Woods,
To wield the Jav'lin, or the Spear,

[forbear

And only with your Eyes maintain the War.

Who can forbear admiring,

Or give his fighting over?

Ten thousand Charms conspiring

Lead Captive ev'ry Lover.

No Swain attempts to fly her,

The Joy's so sweet and thrilling.

The Joy's so sweet, the Pleasure is so killing.

Linc. Camilla, this is Metius, a Volscian Knight,

For Valour much renown'd;

In Peace he was approv'd, in War he was belov'd,

And ever Loyal found.

Him have I often heard your Royal Sire commend;

He serv'd him as his Prince, and lov'd him as his Friend.

Tho' Fourteen Years are past

Since I beheld him last,

Both the Voice and the Mein,

Of him I've often seen,

Assure me I am right.

Cam. Fortune, hitherto severe,

Begins her angry Brow to clear.

Be kind, ye Gods! Assert, assert my Cause,

Protect my Innocence, and defend your Laws.

Fortune, ever known to vary,

Now grown weary,

Changes to a Smile her Frown.

Joys unknown are near attending,

Never ending;

Happy Hours move gaily on.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Chamber in the Royal Palace.*

Enter Lavinia; and after Tullia, and Turnus disguis'd like a Blackamoor.

Lav. O Cupid, bear me, and ease a Lover,
That feels all over
The raging Flame.

Tul. Turnus, or rather *Armidore*, the fav'rite Slave,
Waiting without does for Admittance crave.

Lav. Let him appear in whom my Thoughts delight;
Whilst he is here, 'tis Day; when he is gone, 'tis Night.

Turn. *Lavinia*, beneath this dark Disguise,
A Soul unspotted, Faith unconquer'd lyes.

Turn. and } One Day Cupid wantonly

Lav. to- } Let a pointed Arrow fly,

gether. } Made me languish, pine, and die.

SCENE V.

Enter Latinus.

Tul. Behold *Latinus*!

Lat. Daughter!

Lav. My Royal Father!

Lat. Fame of Beauty, Love of Power,
Draws from many a distant Shore
Crouds that do your Charms adore.
To such a Prince I wish you join'd,
Whose faithful Arms with mine combin'd,
May pull th' imperious *Turnus* down,
And seize on the *Rutilian* Crown.

Turn. *Turnus* thy fruitless Wishes hears,
Committing to the Wind his Fears. [*A. d.*]

Lat. Do you make prudent Choice of one,
Worthy thy Love, and my Renown.

Lav. Sir, some small Time for Thought allow,
Ere that Choice I do avow.

Turn. Unconstant Mind!

Lat. You nought require
But what is just; think, and be happy. [Exit.

Turn. Where is thy Faith, *Lavinia*, now?

Lav. *Turnus*!

Turn. "Some Time for Thought allow,
" Ere that Choice I do avow.

Ungrateful!

Lav. You wrong your Love, and your *Lavinia*.

Turn. Witness this abhor'd Disguise;

Like *Jove* I quit my Royal Seat,

For Love my Majesty forget.

The fam'd *Rutulian* King I am no more;

Turnus is lost in *Armidore*,

And this is my Reward.

Lav. Think if openly I seem'd to yield,
Latinus is my Father, I his Child.

Much is to a Father due,

More I owe to Love and you.

Turn. Barbarous and ungrateful!

No Virgin can be true.

You vainly strive to stay me,

You lov'd me to betray me,

And so, false Maid, adieu.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Lavinia and Tullia.

Lav. Are then these frequent Sighs and Tears,
My Heart that swells with Hopes and Fears,
Are these the Servants of Deceit?
Wretched *Lavinia*! cruel Fate!

Tul. Madam, your fruitless Tears give over,
Nor mourn for an unworthy Lover.

Lav. Welcome Sorrow, Death attending,

Welcome Death, my Sorrows ending.

When our Hopes and Joys are flying,

Hope

*Hope despairing,
Joys impairing,
What is better then than dying?* [Exeant.

SCENE VII. The Palace.

Enter Metius, Linc and Camilla.

Met. Art thou the Swain that did resort
In former Times, unto the *Volscian* Court?

Linc. Sir, I am.

Met. And *Dorinda*——

Linc. And *Dorinda*——

Cam. What of *Dorinda* thou desir'st to hear,
Let the poor Shepherdess herself declare.
Great *Metabus* thou once didst serve.

Met. With an approv'd Fidelity.

Cam. Should he return th' Imperial Reins to hold?

Met. With Joy the People would behold
Their lawful Lord,

With Joy receive Great *Metabus* restor'd.

Cam. Should he be no more——

Met. The Royal Exile bury'd on some Foreign Shore,
I would for ever mourn.

Cam. But should *Camilla* once return,
Might she of thy Faith be sure?

Met. To restore her to her own,
And place her on her Father's Throne,
All I gladly would endure.

Cam. *Metius*, great *Metabus* is dead, but see
His wretched Daughter still survive in me.

Met. Art thou *Camilla*?

Cam. Yes, and thy Promise claim.

Met. All I'll venture to restore ye,
Injur'd Princess, to your Right:
If my feeble Sword should fail me,
When the hostile Troops assail me,
By those Powers that now smile o'er ye,
With your conqu'ring Eyes I'll fight.

Linc. If from his Word he doth not run,
Your Business will be finely done.

Cam. Guardian Pow'rs descend,
Injur'd Truth defend,
Virtue is your Care,
'Tis Yours to save me from Despair.
When proud Oppression reigns,
And sacred Law disdains,
Exert your awful Sway,
'Tis Yours to rule them, They must obey.

Or this,

Cam. See the just Gods of Innocence
Regard, with tender Eyes,
The Sorrows I sustain.
The Pow'rs unseen are arm'd to rise,
United all in my Defence,
They drive Despair far off from hence,
And ease me of my Pain. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. A Palace.

Enter Latinus, Prenesto and Lavinia.

Lat. Did then a Shepherdess preserve my Son?

Pren. Sir, to a gen'rous Shepherdess my Life I owe.

Lav. The Name of thy Protectress tell.

Pren. Dorinda.

Lav. Say, where does this Dorinda dwell?

Pren. Without she waits with a Request,

Lav. Let her appear.

SCENE IX.

Enter Metius, Camilla and Linc.

Pren. Behold her here, who in the fatal Field,
Was the forlorn Prenesto's Shield.

Cam. Chance did this Desert bestow,
That I thus prostrate at your Feet,

Might

Might a kind Acceptance meet,
And my Request obtain.

Lat. Rise, and thy Request explain.

Cam. Poor and distress'd tho' now I seem,
My Father, near *Sebeto's* Stream,
Did sometimes large Possessions claim;
'Till an Usurper, arm'd with Pow'r,
Arriv'd in an unhappy Hour,
Seiz'd on our Flocks, my Father slew,
Did me with equal Rage pursue,
And now an Exile must I die,
If your Assistance you deny.

Lat. *Metius*, with a chosen Band
Of *Volscians*, waiting your Command,
Shall march this Hour to your Relief.

Lav. Fair *Dorinda*, happy, happy,

Happy may'st thou ever be:

Fortune o'er the World presiding

May she gently smile on thee.

[*Exeunt all but Prenesto, Camilla and Linco.*

S C E N E X.

Pren. *Dorinda*, ah! could you my Heart discover,
You there would find a soft and tender Lover.

Cam. A Prince's Favour surely is Divine,
Nor should it, like the Sun, on Wretches shine.

Pren. A Prince's Love, like second Fate,
Doth a low Object new create.

Cam. But when he makes unequal Choice,
He stands condemn'd by publick Voice.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Fair Nymph, *Lavinia* calls thee.

Cam. I am *Lavinia's* Slave.

Pren.

Pren. Stay, fair *Dorinda*;
What would my Sister have?

Linc. to *Tul.* Fair I Love thee.

Tul. He is a handsome Swain.

Pren. *Dorinda*, for Love of thee I burn, I die!

Cam. A Form like his charms me, tho' in a Foe.

[*Aside.*

Linc. Who art thou?

Tul. *Tullia*, a Lady of the Court.

Linc. And I *Dorinda's* Uncle.

Tul. Thank Heav'n for't.

Cam. Wretched *Camilla*, a double Slave thou art:
He who expects thy Crown, now claims thy Heart.

[*Aside.*

Pren. What pow'ful Charms my unguarded Soul
surprize!

[*Aside.*

Who can resist the Magick of her Eyes?

Pren. *Charming Fair*, for thee I languish!

But bless the Hand

That gave the Blow.

With equal Anguish

Each Swain despairs.

At her appearing

Streams cease to flow.

[*Exeunt Pren. and Cam.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Tullia and Linc.

Tul. Pretty is this Niece of thine;
How doth she to Love incline?

Linc. For Love she is too young.

Tul. And yet I saw—— but hush, my Tongue.

Linc. Spare your Reflections; she is right,
And can't distinguish Black from White.

Tul. They are Fools, that can rely
Upon a formal Cast o' th' Eye.

Among

*Among Women, they for certain
 Know the most, that least discover,
 To the Husband, or the Lover,
 When they study to betray.
 See her to th' Appointment hasting,
 Her Steps precise, her Looks upcasting;
 But could you the Fair disclose behind the Curtain,
 You'd quickly hear her burst out into an Ah!*

Linc. Dorinda knows not, on my Life,
 What Husband means, what's meant by Wife.

Tul. Small Learning will suffice to explain,
 To willing Minds, what those Words mean.

Linc. The Meaning then is known to you?

Tul. The Theory yes, the Practick no.

Linc. An untouch'd Virgin you appear.

Tul. I dar'd nor wed too soon.

Linc. What Thoughts of Wedlock now d'you bear?

Tul. To wed whilst I am in my Noon.

Linc. Thy Noon is Night. *[Aside.*

Tul. A well-built Wight. *[Aside.*

Linc. A wanton Witch.

Tull. A Tongue so sweet.

Linc. Yet if she's rich,
 I'll throw me at her Feet.

Aged Phillis

Wanton still is,

Paying now for those dear Pleasures,

Which before improv'd her Treasures,

When her Youth was in the Bloom,

Gold supplies what Age is wasting,

Gold has Beauties ever lasting,

Gold gives Brav'ry to the Coward,

Gives good Humour to the Froward,

Gold gives Honour to the Clown.

Tul. Linc.

Linc. See how her Chaps water!

Tul. I find I please.

Linc. Therefore I'll be at her.
 Like my Brother Beaux o' th' Town,
 I'll Love pretend, where there is none.
 For thee I burn, my pretty Dame,
 Be complaisant, and quench my Flame :
 O how much I long t'enfold thee,
 And in *Hymen's* Bands to hold thee!

Tul. My House's Honour would miscarry,
 Should I to a Peasant marry.

Linc. O Heaven's!

Tul. Indeed I own that I adore him,
 But must not yield yet, for *decorum*.

I languish!

Linc. For whom?

Tul. I sorrow!

Linc. My Dear!

Tul. My Treasure!

Linc. I'm here.

Tul. I speak not to thee.

Me would'st thou?

Linc. Thee, thee!

Tul. O help me!

Linc. Here, here!

Tul. Thus pensive I go,

And utter my Woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Turnus and Lavinia.

Turn. Unfaithful, let me go!

Lav. Whither?

Turn. Where

Those false deluding Accents I no more may hear.
Latinus, Menaces too well I heard;

Too well I know what Troops by *Metius* are prepar'd.

Lav. T' assist *Dorinda* are those Troops design'd.

Turn. *Lavinia* with *Latinus* too was join'd.

Latinus

CAMILLA.

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Latinus with his numerous Arms,
His Daughter with more pow'rful Charms,
For my Destruction both alike prepare,
And Love more fatal is than War.

Lav. Can'st thou forget me?

Turn. No, I find,
Love unresisted rules my Mind,
The wonted Greatness of my Soul is gone:
Latinus dies, so shall his hated Son.

Lav. And *Lavinia*—

Turn. O, I live in her.

Lav. And yet your warlike Squadrons to prepare
You go.

Turn. I go.

Lav. And those against *Latinus* you will lead?

Turn. Yes.

Lav. *Latinus* is my Father; when he's dead—
But see him here.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Latinus.

Lat. *Lavinia*, hast thou chosen?

Turn. What do I hear?

Lav. I've chosen one
Worthy your Daughter, and your Throne.

Lat. O name him to me, that I may
Bless thee, and this auspicious Day.

Lav. You wish'd for *Turnus* fetter'd to your Throne;
Turnus is worthy, and must be your Son.

Lat. *Turnus* wilt thou wed?

Turn. What have I done?

Lav. In vain we labour to recede
From what by Fate has been decreed.

Lat. Fate with Free-will has bless'd Mankind.

Lav. To Love that Freedom I've resign'd.

Lat. Let her that dares thus insolent rebel;
 Let in her close Confinement dwell;
 Let none Admittance to her have,
 But *Armidore*, the faithful Slave.
 If thy fond Wishes still to *Turnus* cleave,
 From Death alone expect a late Reprieve. *[Exit.]*

SCENE XV.

Manent Turnus and Lavinia.

Turn. Pardon, *Lavinia*, my too jealous Fears.

Lav. Unfaithful sure *Lavinia* still appears.

Turn. See, I repent.

Lat. Be gone, and leave the Maid
 By whom the Royal *Turnus* is betray'd.

Turn. Forbear tormenting thy unhappy Guest,
 By his own Guilt too much oppress'd.

Lav. To thee I swear, and to just Heav'n,
 Rather than violate my Faith once giv'n,
 I will unmov'd to Death withstand
 My angry Father's hard Command;

And when I am dead,
 Let this upon my Urn be read.

"Here lies *Lavinia*,

"Who to preserve unmov'd her Faith,

"Chearfully resign'd to Death.

Turn. Ah! never yet was known

A Nymph so kind and true;

So fair and faithful too.

Despair no more pursues me,

My fancy'd Fears are slain;

My Thoughts no Bliss refuse me,

My former Cares adieu.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Gallery.

Enter Camilla, Tullia, and Linco.

Tull. **H**ERE turn thy Eyes, and gaze
With Wonder on these Treasures,
Well worth a King's Possession.
The Court contains not Ought
To rival these.

Linc. How Richness and Variety
Surpass themselves in all we see!

Cam. Magnificently splendid all!
Yet does the Workman's noble Art
The rich Materials Worth outshine.

Tull. What here you view, once *Metabus* possess'd.

Cam. Ha! *Metabus*!—

Tull. Why are you mov'd?

Cam. I feel my Bosom
At once swell with Surprize and Indignation.

Tull. Behold these painted Forms: This *Metabus*'s
That, of *Latinus*. — [Care;

This was *Camilla*,
Who dyed that Hour which gave *Camilla* Birth:
And *Metabus* is This, her Royal Consort,
Who, to avoid swift Ruin,
Fled, and to safer Exile bore his infant Daughter.

Cam. O wretched King!—Disastrous Queen!—

Linc. This Sorrow will betray you.

Cam. O ill-star'd Royal Orphan!

Linc.

Linc. Peace, and be wiser.

Tull. Why all this Torture?

Cam. O ye Pow'rs! *Camilla's Fate and Mine are one.*
Again dread Scenes of Horror rise
Fresh to my Mind, and to my Eyes;
The Injuries my House has born,
To my resenting Soul return:
They bid Revenge awake with Speed,
And hurl Destruction on th' Usurper's Head.

Fierce Lightnings flash and scare him;

Ye vengeful Furies tear him;

War, Tumult, Discord, wound him;

War rage around him!

Let martial Sounds alarm him,

Let conscious Guilt disown him!

But, ah! I'm raving.

O ye Pow'rs! *Camilla's Fate and Mine are one.*

Linc. All, all will be unravel'd.

Tull. Dorinda, calm your Bosom.

Cam. Alas! that my Distresses

Are grown too mighty to admit of Comfort!

Linc. Give Respite to this swelling Grief.

Cam. Tullia, what see I? Ah, my Heart!

Tull. What Object see you?

Cam. Full of Resentment and Disdain,
The Spectre of *Camilla* stalks around.

Behold her!

Tull. I nothing see.

Cam. Before thee, full in Sight, she stands.

Tull. (Sure this is Frenzy:—) Where is *Camilla*?

Cam. I rave, or am not well awake;
Ah, no! *Camilla's* here; This is *Camilla*:
All sad, and bath'd in Tears you see her.

Tull. What does she say?

Cam. I am *Camilla*.

In Horrors I'll be known

To him who fills my Throne,

And arm'd with Serpents start him from Repose.

With

*With Whips of guilty Fear
The Tyrant's Breast I'll tear,
And Night and Day inflict new Woes.
No Peace his Heart shall taste, no Rest his Eye,
But Misery shall make him wish to die.*
Linc. 'Tis fitting Merius be inform'd;
Things go not as they should. [Exit Linc.

Tull. I dare no longer with her Frenzy trust me. [Exit.
Cam. Linc;—but Linc, Tullia too are vanish'd.
And now I am alone,
With Freedom, unobserv'd, I may
Throw off the Veil, and give a Loose to Sorrow.—
Alas! how in the Mansion of my Breast
Sigh meets with Sigh, and Pain encounters Pain!
Hate and Affection play the Tragick Scene;
With This I languish, and with That I rage,
But both to Vengeance join my Soul t'engage.

Yes, great Revenge, I call thee;

Hear from thy Cave below:

Yes, great Revenge, I call thee;

Hear from thy Cave—But, No!

SCENE II.

Preneſto and Camilla.

Pren. Dorinda, hear a faithful Lover.

Cam. What would Preneſto ſay?

Pren. In vain I fly from Sorrows,

That ſtill attend me;

From my Embraces flying,

Behold me weeping, dying.

Theſe Tears thus daily flowing,

This Breſt with Sighs ſtill glowing,

Will quickly end me.

Cam. Preneſto! how can I that Joy beſtow,
Which I my ſelf muſt never know?

Pren. With your Grief I ſympathize,
But read Aversion in your Eyes.

Cam.

Cam. You wrong your own, accusing mine,
My tender Thoughts with Pity move.

Pren. And yet ungrateful, you decline
To ease my Heart, and crown my Love.

Cam. Upbraid no more, *Prenesto*,

My Kingin Passion;

With you I pine and languish,

I feel your Grief and Anguish,

But Fate is unrelenting,

And Fear is still preventing

My Inclination.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Prenesto solus.

Pren. Bright *Phœbus'* Rays, that warm the Skies,
Are not so killing as her Eyes:

That heav'nly Grace, and comely Pride,

Are not to her low Birth ally'd.

To Beauty devoted,

Expecting, desiring,

With Passion expiring,

I serve the blind Boy.

Yet ever contented,

So easie the Chain is,

So pleasing the Pain is,

I serve him with Joy.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Linceo and Metius.

Met. *Linceo!*

Linc. My Lord.

Met. Do thou to fair *Camilla* haste,

And bid her, e'er an Hour be past,

To that Part of the City go,

Where *Amalthea's* Waters flow.

Linc.

Linc. The princely Nymph I'll seek with Speed;
Then, think your Orders are obey'd.

Met. I love, but dare not

My Flame discover,

Lest I displease her,

When I assure her how much I love her.

Thus am I wounded

Beyond all curing,

Nor dare I tell her

What I'm enduring.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Latinus, Turnus, and Prenesto.

Lat. Doth she continue still unmov'd?

Turn. Turnus, she says, must ever be belov'd.

Pren. Unwise Lavinia!

Turn. Constant Fair!

Lat. What doth she talk on? let me know.

Turn. In Turnus' Praise her Tongue doth hourly flow;
And often when to *Armidore* she speaks

Her Tongue mistakes,

And calls me *Turnus*.

Lat. This is the highest Disobedience,
And Death shall punish the Offence.

Pren. Let your Resentments to soft Pity yield.

Turn. Remember, Sir, *Lavinia* is your Child.

Lat. An impious Justice will I do.

Here, *Armidore*.

Turn. What Doom attends her now!

Lat. Haste to *Lavinia*, and discharge thy Trust.
Or *Turnus* let her strain forsake,
Or in this Cup her Passion stake.

[Exit.]

CAMILLA.

SCENE VI.

Manet Turnus.

Turn. Kill my Lavinia, did Latinus say?
No Tyrant, *Turnus* never will obey.

Now, Cupid, or never,

Be kind, and discover

What *Turnus* must do.

When Danger's appearing,

And kind Fortune veering,

Our Thoughts are but slow.

Now, Cupid, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Linco in a Gentleman's Dress, follow'd by Tullia.

Linc. Fortune, like a wanton Gipsie,

Often turns Things upside down.

When she's grown a little tipsie,

In a Trice, Sir,

She will give a sudden Rise, Sir,

To a Justice from a Clown.

The Reason why

Must ne'er be known.

Enter Tullia.

Tull. *Linco*, is it thee alone?

Linc. Let Freedom less, and more Respect be shown.

Tul. I find the Proverb verify'd,

Set a Beggar on Horseback, and he'll ride.

Linc. My Neice *Dorinda*, you have heard,

A Gentlewoman is declar'd;

And 'tis but Reason good that I

Should State assume accordingly.

Tull. Illustrious *Linco*, let us now——

Linc. What?

Tul.

Tul. That I'm not marry'd yet, you know.

Linc. What then?

Tul. I have enough express'd,
Spare my Shame, and guess the rest.

Linc. I cannot guess, I'm such a Duncce:
Take Heart, and out with't all at once.

Tul. Then to make plain the Matter, I
Thy wedded Wife would gladly be.

Linc. Too high for *Linc.* you were late,
'Tis my turn now, and I take State.

For I remember——

Tul. What dost thou remember?

Linc. Thus pensive I go,
And utter my Woe.

Tul. Not so much Cruelty.
I pr'ythee now, my *Linc.*, I do conjure thee.

I long to be thy Bride.

All Day I long to eye thee,

All Night I could lye by thee,

I do assure thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

An Apartment of Lavinia, a Chair on one Side.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Thou God of Sleep, beguile
My Miseries a-while;
That with fresh Vigour I may bear
Whate'er the cruel Fates prepare. [Sleeps.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Turnus.

Turn. See where secure she lies asleep,
Whilst Fear and Jealousie at a distance keep.

From Death's soft Image rise, my Fair,
And for Death it self prepare.

Lav. Who robs me of that Golden Rest,
With which my weary'd Thoughts were bless'd?

Turn. Lo! He, who lives alone in thee,
Unkindly wakes and summons thee to die.

Lav. To die!

Turn. Your cruel Father has decreed,
His Daughter by this Hand must bleed.

Lav. Welcome my Death from any Hand would be,
But doubly welcome, when it comes from thee.
Strike, and my Father's Will obey

Turn. In wounding thee, I shall my self destroy.

Lav. Art thou not *Turnus*?

Turn. Thou know'st I am,

Lav. Be like thy self then, truly brave,
And scorn the Weakness of a Slave.

Turn. Thy precious Life for ever I'll protect,
And at thy Father's Breast the Steel direct.

SCENE X.

Enter Latinus.

Lat. Desponding Slave! why this Delay?
Haste, and my just Commands obey.

Lav. Dread Sir, *Lavinia* does not beg to live,
But that your Pardon you would kindly give,
If your unhappy Daughter Death should chase,
Rather than violate her Virgin Vows.

Lat. Die then forgotten and abhor'd.

Lav. My Breast is open; strike, my Lord.

Turn. I'll perish rather!

Lat. Most audacious Slave!

Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave!

Turn. I scorn the Task to which I am assign'd;
I wear a Monarch's Soul, and Lover's Mind.

In me see *Turnus*.

Lat.

Lat. Turnus art thou, and in a Slave's Disguise?
My Daughter's Honour thou hast stain'd,
For which thy Life shall pay.

Turn. I swear by Empire, and by Love I swear,
Her Honour's bright as is the Morning Star.
See, Turnus sues that Hate and Discord cease,
And let *Lavinia* be the Pledge of Peace.

Lat. Anger to Friendship does give way,
Like Night that flies approaching Day.

Lav. Pleasure attending,
Those Cares are ending
Which did distress me.
Love reconciling,
And Fortune smiling,
Happily blefs me.

Turn. Instruct me, Love, this sudden Change to bear;
Past Sorrows make our present Joys sincere.

Around her see Cupid flying,
Behold him wishing, dying;
Such Graces shine all o'er her,
That Gods adore her.
Forbear, unhappy Lover,
Thy fond Pursuit give over.
Thou never wilt persuade her,
Thou bold Invader!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

A Wood.

Enter Metius, Camilla, and the People.

Met. Behold *Camilla*, the great *Volscian* Queen,
An Exile long th' unhappy Pair has been;
At length she comes in a propitious Hour,
To free her Subjects from a lawless Power.

Cam. For your sakes, not my own, I come

To

CAMILLA.

To drive the Usurper far away,
And rule ye with a lawful Sway.

Met. Prenesto comes!

People. Then let him die.

SCENE XII.

Enter Prenesto.

Cam. Forbear.

Met. With calmer Thoughts you must proceed,

*Pren. Yes, let him die; let the Oppressor bleed
That wrong'd Dorinda. Ye martial Spirits, draw,
And let the Will of Metius be your Law.*

Met. Love leads to Battel,

Who dares oppose him?

The Rebel Squadrons his Presence fly;

See how the Heroe

Drives all before him,

Arm'd with Light'ning shot from her Eye.

[Exeunt Metius and the People.]

SCENE XIII.

Manent Prenesto and Camilla.

*Cam. Hope would my fond Heart ensnare,
But Oh! ———*

Pren. But what?

*Cam. My Soul is all Despair;
Close in my Bosom let it sleep.*

Pren. Thy secret Grief unfold.

Cam. Conceal'd my Thoughts I ought to keep.

Pren. To me they may be told.

Cam. 'Tis Love.

Pren. Of whom? Were I the happy Swain!

Cam. My Tyrant's Son is Author of my Pain.

Pren. Unhappy Passion! Disavow thy Love
To him, who should thy Indignation move.

Cam. Love is too mighty, and controls the Heart:
Thy Sire my Tyrant, thou my Idol art. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XIV.

Enter Linco.

Linc. Young Prince, *Latinus* doth your Presence crave;
In *Armidore*, the fly pretended Slave,
Turnus is found, who safe in that Disguise
Has paid his Vows to Fair *Lavinia's* Eyes.

Pren. What's that I hear?

Cam. Surprizing News!

Pren. My royal Sire attend I go,
And with you'd cease to love your Foe,

Ungrateful you fly me,

Unkindly deny me.

Tho' Passion so tender

Sure never was known.

You fly your Pursuer,

You court your Undoer,

And tamely surrender

To one you should shun. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XV.

Manent Camilla and Linco.

Linc. *Turnus* is the *Rutlian* King;
To him, if you your Grief disclose,
He may his kind Assistance bring,
And loving you dethrone your Foes.

Cam. Thou know'st his Vows are to *Lavinia* paid.

Linc. With you the *Volscean* Kingdom he will get,
The Charms of Love to Empire may submit.

Cam.

Cam. Love and Ambition strike
 Which shall the Conquest gain,
 'Tis sweet in Love to thrive,
 And pleasant 'tis to reign;
 Both Champions are courageous,
 And equal is the Stake;
 I feel 'em both outrageous,
 Nor know which will prevail. [Exit

SCENE XVI

Manus. Linc.

Linc. Love hath a Character not half so bad
 As he deserves; he makes Folks mad.
 To free the Mind, and drive him thence,
 Let's sooth the Frenzy with a Dance.

A DANCE.

Still I find, do what we will,
 The little Archer does prevail.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Behold your Vassal low,
 Does to your Footstool bow.

Linc. For constant Proof of what I say,
 In her the past Age presents see:
 A few kind Words, a wanton Smile,
 Shall the amorous Crone beguile.

Tullia, forgive all past Offences.

Tul. Joy has depriv'd me of my Senses.

Linc. Thoughts interposing made my Tongue
 Utter what did not to my Heart belong.

Tul. I would not change my present Fate,
 To be first Minister of State.
 I do invite thee as my Guest,
 To share in the approaching Feast,
 Which great *Latinus* doth provide,
 For *Turnus* and his Royal Bride.

Linc. I will go with thee.

Tul. I must know
 On what thou dost Contemplate so.

Linc.

Linc. I'm charm'd with thy Court-like Address.

Tul. See how he eyes me!

Linc. Thy Beauty pleases to excess:

It doth surprize me.

Tullia, I feel thy Charms begin to move me;

Say, in pity, can you love me?

You fill, with balmy Sweets, the ambitious Air.

O! would a gentle Smile but once relieve me;

No Passion would with mine compare;

You'd yield to Love, and Love would ne'er deceive you.

Tul. I thought, when first he seem'd so nice,

He would in time reward my Pain.

In Love-Affairs I'm still so wise,

That first or last, I'm sure to gain.

Something is in my Face so alluring,

Such Graces procuring,

That no Beauty more is,

Young Men, and Old, alike do desire me;

Alike they do Fire me,

With passionate Stories

They Sing, and they Clap, they dress and look Fine;

In hopes that fair Tullia will one Day incline:

But Fair One, endeavour

To live honest ever,

Whate'er they Design. [Exit

SCENE XVII.

Enter Turnus and Camilla, and after Davinia.

Turn. When Love to Constancy is join'd,

What unknown Raptures fill the Mind!

Cam. Great Sir!

Turn. Come near.

Cam. Your Slave vouchsafe to hear.

Turn. Turnus was never deaf to a Virgin's Pray'r.

Cam. I am the Unhappy Shepherdess.

Turn. I've lately heard of thy Distress.

Thy Valour too, I've heard proclaim'd;

Whilst this my Wonder, that my Pity claim'd.

How gracefully she moves! *Cam.*

Cam. I sue to thee.
The Gods reject not a poor Suppliant's Kneet
Turn. She of no Mortal Race appears,
A Heav'nly Form the Charmer wears
Nymph, I adore ye! [Enter Lavinia,

Lav. Ungrateful!

Turn. Such Heav'nly Beauty,——

Lav. Turnus! Dorinda!

Turn. I am Lavinia's Slave.

Cam. What would the Princess have?

Lav. Nymph I adore ye!

Turn. Lavinia!

Lav. Such Heav'nly Beauty!

Turn. Your jealous Fears remove.

Lav. With such a Grace y're pleas'd to see her move,

Cam. Live in each other, happy Pair,

None so True, and none so Fair.

Lav. Ungrateful Turnus!

Turn. You wrong my Love.

Lav. Were she but Noble, as she's Fair,
I know for whom you would declare.

Cam. 'Tis far beneath your Dignity,
Thus to insult o'er Misery.

Lav. Dorinda, leave me, may't thou be
Happy in any but in him.

Cam. I fly,

Yet I'm a Queen, as well as she.

[Exit.

Lav. Fly, fly, and follow your Idol Beauty,

That flies before ye.

Take back, to ease me,

The Life you gave me,

Death now would please me.

Why did you save me?

But yet remember,

I did adore Te.

Fly, fly, &c.

[Exit.

Turn. Her jealous Fears at once perplex and please,
For Jealousy's a Sign of fervent Love;

How gracefully she moves! Yet

Yet gladly would I give her Passion Ease,
And her ill-grounded Jealousie remove.

O Tyrannous Jealousie!

Fly far away, no more molest,
Fly from my Fair Lavinia's Breast,
Resign to Love and Joy.

Aspiring,
And fatal Fends desiring,
A tender Lover's Passion,
A Virgin's Inclination,
Thou labour'st to destroy.

End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Latinus, Turnus, and Prenesto.

Lat. **T**urnus, I rather chose t' enjoy in thee
A living Friend, than kill an Enemy.

Turn. With equal Care did I the Blow decline;
My Life was in your Pow'r, and yours in mine.

Lat. Then here in lasting Friendship let us join,
My Safety be your Care, and yours be mine.

But this I do demand, that you
With unextinguish'd Rage pursue
The Blood of *Metabus*, if any yet
Survive, new Troubles to create.

Turn. To that I swear.

Lat. We swear it both;
And Heav'n be witness of the Oath.

[*Exit.*

Turn. The Stars propitious on my Fortune shine,
And fair *Lavinia* will be ever mine.

Pren. Thou may'st with Joy the Nuptial Rites pre-
Whilst equal to thy Greatness is the Fair. [pare,
The Nymph I love, I never must possess,
Honour forbids that I so low should wed,
Or She submit to an unlawful Bed.

Never shall I be blest in possessing.

Turn. Happy shall I be soon, in possessing.

Both. Her whose Charms my fond Hearts intral.

Pren. Hopes assuring

Turn.—Joys alluring.

Pren. Avoid me.

Turn. Invite me.

Pren. O the Torments that poor Lovers feel!

Turn. O the Pleasures that blest Lovers steal!

SCENE II.

Enter Lavinia, and Tullia.

Tul. Fear not, *Dorinda* I'll observe with Care,
And *Turnus* follow with a watchful Eye:
If ought shou'd pass between 'em that's unfair,
You straight shall learn it from your faithful Spy.

Lav. Ungrateful *Turnus*!

Fly, ye Virgins, th' unfaithful Lover:

False his Tears are, and fatal his Wiles.

Man, by Nature a Tyrant, a Rover,

Gaily triumphs whene'er he beguiles.

She most wise is,

That despises

Their feign'd Praises, deluding with Smiles. [Exit.

CAMILLA

SCENE III.

Tullia manet. Enter Linc.

Linc. Tullia, thou art the Idol of my Love,
And Heav'n my Passion seems t' approve.

Tul. I'll try some Secret to obtain. [*Aside.*]
Do's Turnus to Derinda bow?

Linc. Of this I nothing know.

Tul. Has she not seen him? Say.

Linc. Of that I nothing know.

Tull. He'll nought betray. [*Aside.*]

As thou art a Man of Sense,
Excuse a Maid's Impertinence.
Woman does oft employ her Tongue,
In what does not to her belong.
But to our own Affairs let us return,
And tell how much we love, how much we burn.

Linc. For thee what does my Soul endure!

Tul. I know y'are wounded past a Cure.

These Eyes are made so killing,

That all who look must die.

To ask I'm nothing owing;

From Art I nothing want;

These Graces genuine flowing,

Despise the help of Pain.

'Tis Musick but to hear me;

'Tis fatal to come near me,

And Death is in my Eye.

Linc. In short, to cut off farther Speeches,
Thy Tongue's more charming than a Witch's.

Tul. Thou art he, my dearest Creature!

Linc. Thou art she, my dearest Creature!

Both. For whose sake I'd live and die.

Linc. Cruel Love for thee does wound me.

Tul. I perceive it.

Linc. I believe it.

Tul.

Tul. *And to me it is no Wonder :
For like Thunder,*
Bright Charms fly round me.

Linc. *O my Anguish !*

Tul. *How I languish !*

Pretty Creature !

Linc. *Hideous Feature !*

Both. *For thy sake, I pine and die.*

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Prencetto followed by Camilla.

Pren. *Lovely Fair, at length reward me,
Or thy cruel Frowns give over.*

Since I'm sworn a Slave to Beauty,

Since I'm constant in my Duty.

With a friendly Smile regard me,

Smile, and crown thy faithful Lover.

Cam. *Fortune, O at length reward me,
And thy cruel Frowns give over.*

Pren. *For Trifles why shou'd you lament,
You that are born to Misery ?*

Cam. *Perhaps the King will now relent,
And his promis'd Aid deny.*

Pren. *Wou'd I cou'd be as sure of you,
As that the King will to his Word be true.*

Cam. *Let it suffice, that all I know
Of Love, I do on you bestow.*

Pren. *Yes, yes, 'tis all I want,
Nor wou'd I better thrive :*

A Heart for Heart is all

A Lover can gain.

A Happiness I feel,

No Mortal can reveal.

If all you have you give,

I never must complain.

[*Exit.*]

Manet Camilla. Enter Turnus and Tullia.

Cam. Awake, *Camilla*, from this Lethargy,
What has Love to do with thee?
Love conspiring with thy Fate,
Does thy Thirst of Power oppose,
Awake, awake, my Heart, and know that,
Rather than live for Love, would for Ambition die,
My Heart to act is zealous;
But Fear restrains my Hands. *[Enter Turnus]*

Turn. My Lovely Charmer zealous,
My Wishes still withstands.

Cam. Turnus is there.
Once again, I'll try my Fate.

Turn. My lovely Charmer zealous,
My Wishes still withstands.

Cam. And I the curst Occasion
Of her unjust Suspicion. *[Enter Tullia.]*

Tul. Together have I found 'em,
And may the Gods confound 'em.

Turn. My Heart with Grief is blasted.

Cam. The Sorrow I have tasted
All Sorrow is exceeding.

Tul. A very hopeful Frantor!

Turn. *Cam.* My Soul in Death lies Bleeding.

Tul. Oh that I could come at her!

But Vengeance is at hand.

Cam. The Cares are light, that do thy Thoughts molest;
But heaviest Sorrows rage within my Breast.

Turn. No common Grief I do endure.

Cam. Your Grief admits a ready Cure,
If *Lavinia* scorns to love ye,
Queens with Royal Charms may move ye.

Tul. Perfidious Wretch!

Turn. No other Charms my Heart can fire,
There my *Lavinia* reigns entire.

Cam. Suppose *Camilla* still shou'd live,
To whom these *Volscian* Realms are due?

Turn. And if *Camilla* shou'd survive?

Cam. Then she by *Hymen* join'd to you—

Tul. Wholesome Advice!

Cam. By you restor'd in happy Hour,
May bring these Kingdoms as her Dow'r.

Tul. For this *Dorinda*, if I live,
Thanks from the Princess shall receive. [Exit

Turn. To King *Latinus* I have giv'n
My Faith, in Sight of conscious Heav'n,
That *Metabus*' devoted Blood
Shall be with Hostile Rage pursu'd.

Cam. What I propose, I don't advise.

Turn. Nor wou'd I from the fair *Lavinia* change,
Tho' through the World I might a Monarch range.

The Floods shall quit the Ocean,

The Stars their nightly Duty,

When I forsake the Beauty

That does my Heart command.

The Sun shall lose his Motion,

No Sand the Shore shall cover,

When I forget to love her,

Whose Charms I can't withstand. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Manet Camilla

Cam. What hast thou said, unwary Maid?
Thou by thy self art now betray'd.

Dangers every way surround me,

Torments fresh begin to wound me,

Fate my *Wishes* flying.

Joy, that smil'd awhile around me,

Soon is blasted,

Wither'd, wasted,

And lyes a dying. [Exit

SCENE

CAMILLA

SCENE VII.

Lavinia and Latinus.

Lav. She said, *Camilla* still did live,
And cou'd to him the *Volscean* Kingdom give.

Lat. To a deep Dungeon let her be confin'd,
Her Hands and Feet let massy Fetters bind. *[Exit.]*

Lav. *Turnus* is false, and I'm undone,
Dorinda has the Conquest won;
Dorinda spoke, and he obey'd,
Turnus is false, and I'm betray'd.

O fear complying,
And ne'er believe,
When a deluding Swain
Complains you give him Pain,
Vows that he's dying
At your denying:
This Art he's trying
But to deceive. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.

Enter *Metius* on one side, and *Linco* on the other; and
after *Prencetto*.

Linc. My Lord, what Pow'r can now our Fate
withstand?

Camilla lyes confin'd by the King's hard Command.

Met. Confin'd! for what?

Linc. I cannot learn, but fear
Our close Designs have reach'd his jealous Ear.

Met. Too true I fear thou hast the Cause assign'd.

Linc. We are all undone!

Met. Can we no Prospect find
Of sudden Hope?

Linc. Ev'n now methinks I feel the Rope.

CAMILLA

Met. Then Death is welcome.

Enter Prænesto.

Pren. Metius! Linco!

Met. I stand prepar'd to Bleed.

Linc. And Linco is already Dead.

Met. Prænesto's here, what must we say?

Linc. Fear has taken my Tongue away.

Pardon my Lord; and if *Camilla* —

Pren. I all have heard,

And sure *Dorinda* highly err'd.

Yet though *Lavinia* does inspire

With black Revenge my angry Sire;

My Heart does to Forgiveness bow,

And would prevent the fatal Blow.

Met. Hopes revive!

Linc. I'm still Alive!

Pren. With thy chosen Bands do thou
To the Prison with me go.

Linc. I with Conduct, void of Fear,

Will follow, and bring up the Rear.

Pren. Twixt her and Death I'll interpose,
And save her from her bloody Foes. [Exit.]

SCENE IX

Manent Metius and Linc.

Met. Though fierce the Lightning flies,

Some Ray it brings our Eyes

In Darkness straying.

The Rays our Feet directing,

From Precipice protecting,

A Glimpse of Life procure us,

From Death a-while secure us,

Destruction staying.

Exit Metius.

CAMILLA.

SCENE X.

Manet Linco.

Linc. The Court for certain's the best School,
To make a States-Man of a Fool.
Since I came hither I've learn'd more
Than I knew all my Life before.
Linco's grown another Creature;
See this Look, behold this Feature;
Show me such a Transformation.
Wanton Lasses, with smooth Faces,
Brown or Yellow, Ruddy, Sallow,
With an Ogle thus I warm ye;
With a Motion thus I Charm ye;
Let this learned Wig speak for me,
Let this Shape and Air inform ye,
I'm Sir Courtly of the Nation.

SCENE XI.

Enter Lavinia and Turnus.

Lav. You've both beyond Forgiveness err'd;
Dorinda spoke, and Turnus heard.

Turn. Firm to my Vows I still abide.

Lav. Go, let Camilla be your Bride.

Turn. Cease, Cruel, tyrannizing.

Give your Resentments over.

Unless, my Vows despising,

You kill your Lover!

Ah! you kill your Lover!

You are my Soul's Ambition;

I have no Wish above ye.

Unjust is your Suspicion;

I constant love ye.

Lav.

CAMILLA

Lav. Cease, Cruel, to deceive me,
And give your Falshood over
Left when unkind you leave me,
You kill your Lover!

Ab! you kill your Lover!

[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

A Prison. Enter Camilla; and after, Preneſto, Metius,
and Linco, and People.

Cam. Fate, the more it does depress me,
Stronger ſtill I grow & endure it.

Fortune's Wound ſhall ne'er oppreſs me;

Death's at Hand, and ſoon will cure it.

Enter Preneſto, Metius, Linco, &c.

Pren. Dorinda, ceaſe thee to complain;

Thus I break th' unworthy Chain.

Cam. Much I owe for this Release.

Pren. Fly hence, Dorinda, and let theſe

Conduct thee to ſome other Clime,

Where ſafe thou may'ſt forgive my Father's Crime.

Love does a dangerous Task impoſe,

Giving thee Life, I do my own expoſe.

Met. Say, Madam, am I underſtood? [To Cam.

Cam. Is your Assurance firm and good? [To Met.

Met. As firm as Fate. [To Cam.

Cam. All theſe, you ſay, [To Pren.

Are arm'd in my Defence, and muſt my Will obey?

Pren. They are your Slaves.

Cam. Let me this Proof of your Obedience find;
Diſarm the Prince, and ſee him cloſe confin'd.

Pren. From whence this Boldneſs, treacherous Maid?

Met. Submit thy ſelf.

Pren. I am betray'd.

Cam. My Arts ſucceſsfully have thriv'n,
Sure Token of conſenting Heav'n.

For know, Preneſto, I'm a Queen; in me

No more Dorinda, but Camilla ſee. [Exeunt all but Pren.

SCENE

CAMILLA

SCENE XII.

Pren. Camilla! Metius is a treacherous Slave!
Curse on these Fetters! O! how I could rave!
The Furies rage within my troubled Breast;
I am with all the Plagues of Hell possest.
Lavinia! Father! Metius! Camilla!

Let the Lightning,
Flashing, Flying,
Dreadful Thunder,
Fates defying,
Rend the guilty World asunder.

But Camilla,
O forbear her!
Let the Furies
From Hell ascending
Goad the Guilty
With Pains ne'er ending.
But Camilla, ye Gods, in Pity spare her.

SCENE XIV.

The Palace.

Enter Latinus, Turnus, Lavinia, Attendance, &c.
Begins with a Dance.

Lat. Lavinia here from me receive.

Turn. O! Matchless is the Fair you give.

Lav. Hail happy Hour! I now am blest.

Turn. and Lav. Hand and Heart from me receive.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. To Arms, to Arms! Rebellious Crouds
Haste to the Palace.

Lat. Whence th' Alarm?

CAMILLA

Tul. The People, with a general Voice,
Cry, Live *Camilla*! and they cry,
Guilty Latinus, let him die.

Lat. *Camilla*! Does she live!

Lev. O fatal Change! O !

Turn. I will in thy Defence advance.

Lat. Old tho' I am, yet still I know
To wield the Sword, and bend the Bow.

SCENE The Last

*Camilla and her Party Enter, and after some Resistance
Disarm Latinus and the rest.*

Tul. Mercy to a tender Maid!

Cam. Haste, *Linco*,

And hither see the Prince convey'd,

Chain'd like a Pris'ner let him come,

And here attend from me his Doom.

Lat. My Son in Chains!

Cam. To Tyrants and Usurpers too,
Vengeance from righteous Heav'n is due.

Prenesto is brought in.

Lat. My Son!

Lev. My dearest Brother!

Pren. *Levinia*! Father!

Turn. *Prenesto*!

Pren. *Turnus*!

Cam. No more!

Your ineffectual Tears give o'er.

Prenesto first by this shall bleed;

And when in thy *Levinia's* Blood 'tis dy'd,

Thine shall swell the Purple Tide.

Die then *Prenesto*.

Pren. Strike!

Cam. But on this Breast.

Pren. Ye heav'nly Powers!

Cam.

CAMILLA.

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Cam. Love has prevail'd, and Anger is no more.

Lat. O Heav'n!

Turn. O Love!

Lav. O Fate!

Cam. To skreen thee from the People's Hate,
I doom'd thee to Imprisonment.

Henceforth be Sov'raign of my Heart,
And rule it in an Husband's Right.

Pren. A Joy so sudden, I can scarce believe.

Cam. Fair *Lavinia*, now,
Be you in *Turnus* happy, he in you.

Turn. The Gods are just.

Cam. And Sir, do you [To *Latinus*]
Learn what to Justice, and to Merit's due.

Lat. Anger do's now to Friendship yield.

Cam. Let Peace and Love possess each Heart.

Tul. Thou art my *Cupid*.

Linc. Thou my *Psyche* art.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy is the Swain,
Who loves, and is belov'd again. [Exeunt Omnes.]

FINIS.

COMMILIA

Can I love her freely, and Angel is no more

And O Heaven!

That O Love!

That O Fate!

Can I skip from the People's Line

I do not like to be in the

Henceforth be the sign of my heart

And rule it in an husband's Right

For a joyful ladder I can leave behind

Can I leave now

Be you in your happy life in your

That the Gods are just

Can I do you

I can what to follow and to follow due

Can I ever do's how to find the field

Can I be free and love people with heart

That I then be

Can I then be

COMMILIA

Happy, happy is the end of the world
Who loves, and is loved again



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